

The Impresario.

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Music, Literature, and Art.

VOL. I.

ST. LOUIS, NOVEMBER, 1872.

NO. 9.

Poetry.

WORK.

BY ALICE KARY.

Down and up, and up and down,
Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed pry and brown;
Turn out the bright red clover,
Work, and the sun your work shall share,
And the rain in its time shall fall,
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,
Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry;
Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed;
Work, and rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead
Than alive, when his work is done!

Down and up, and up and down,
On the hill-top, low in the valley;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown;
Turn out the rose and lily.
Work with a plan, or without a plan,
And your ends shall be shaped true;
Work, and learn at first hand like a man—
The best way to know is to do.

Down and up till life shall close,
Ceasing not your praises;
Turn in the wild, white winter snows,
Turn out the sweet, wild daisies.
Work, and the sun your work shall share,
And the rain in its time shall fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

BEEETHOVEN.

IN recording the facts of history, we now and then come across personages whom to praise and admire is an easy task, but whose character to portray and to criticize offers considerable difficulty. Their extraordinary manner of proceeding, despising old forms, and fashions, and popular styles, and boldly entering upon designs whose grandeur surpassed the conception of their contemporaries, render futile all attempts at classifying them or estimating them from the customary stand-points of their art. Such a person was Ludwig von Beethoven, who in music is what Shakespeare is in the drama, and Michael Angelo in painting—the despair of the philosophers of the art; a puzzle, at the solution of which the wisest heads have long labored in vain. It is not our intention to enter into an examination of all the theories and opinions expressed concerning Beethoven, much less to add new ones of our own, nor to discuss his right to occupy a prominent position among the master minds of the age, and to claim equality of rank with all who in their line have been honored with the crown of excellence. It would require volumes to do justice to his musical greatness, and hence we shall content ourselves with giving a short

sketch of his life, adding some remarks about his compositions.

Ludwig von Beethoven was born December 17, 1770, at Bonn, where his father was tenor singer in the Electoral chapel. The latter was of a morose and tyrannical disposition, which he unfortunately too much displayed in the education of Ludwig. At the age of four years his father imparted to him his first music lessons, and forced him unrelentingly, shutting him in a dark chamber, to perform his daily task. He was generally kept like a hermit, and was seldom allowed to join in the innocent games with the companions of his childhood. Thus were the germs of unsociability and misanthropy, which he manifested in after years planted in his soul in early youth. His mother was the exact opposite of his father. She spoiled him by her indulgence, and neglected to teach him lessons of actual life, taking into her own hands, after the death of his father, the entire management of his affairs. Ludwig became successively the pupil of Van der Eden and Neefe, court organists, and under their direction, as on a former occasion, when only eight years old, he had astonished the world by his execution on the violin, he now, at the age of twelve, surprised all by his readiness on the piano-forte, and by his free and lively fancy. About this time, also, he composed his first six piano-forte sonatas, dedicated to the Elector of Cologne; but he disclaimed them, as he did all of his works composed before 1798. In 1792, the Elector sent him, with the title of court organist, to Vienna, to finish his studies under the direction of Haydn. He labored assiduously to perfect his musical talent, and to restrain his wild, unbridled fancy, and when Haydn, in 1795, undertook his second journey to England, he transferred Beethoven, during his absence, to Albrechtsberger. He strove hard to subject the most extraordinary and most lively imagination that ever existed to the school-training of this renowned but rather dry contrapontist. In 1801 his patron, the Elector of Cologne, died, and henceforward he was thrown upon his own resources. In 1809, he received a call to the position of kapelmester to Jerome Napoleon, king of Westphalia, but some officers of the court, among whom was the Archduke Rudolph, one of his pupils, anxious to retain him in their midst, offered him an annual pension, and thus enabled him to remain permanently in Vienna, to which he had become attached. Here he devoted himself to composition, the science of which he had now completely mastered, and produced those extraordinary works which have become the wonder and admiration of the world. But whilst engaged in these vast undertakings, he gradually withdrew himself

from society, losing his old friends and making few new ones, and retired more and more within himself. The last fifteen years of his life were the most painful to him, for during this whole time he was deaf—a misfortune greater than which none could have befallen him as a musician. Death released him from all temporal afflictions on the 27th of March, 1827. Artists and the friends of art mourned the departure of this great genius. They buried him like a prince—and such he truly was in the realm of musical art—and erected a monument in his honor.

In his manners, Beethoven was most peculiar, even eccentric. He cared little for the forms and ceremonies of society, and hence it was not an unusual thing to see him on a hot day, in the most frequented part of the city, walking in shirt-sleeves, carrying his coat on his cane which was thrown over his shoulder. In this way he even passed by the imperial family. In conversation, he was generally sparing of words; still he could, when in the humor, contribute much to the general enjoyment by his witty sayings and striking repartees. But it was specially remarkable that he never persevered long in the same humor, often passing most suddenly from the mildest extravagance to deep melancholy. He took long pleasure walks alone, for then he could indulge in his dreams undisturbed, and his excitable mind was not liable to be unpleasantly affected by any exterior object.

We will close this article with a persona notice of Beethoven in his last years, as we find it in the fourth volume of a work entitled "To the Friends of the Musical Art." "His appearance," says the writer, "had I not prepared myself for it, would have quite confused me. Imagine a man of about fifty years of age, in stature below the middle size, but stout and firm, fleshy, with a full round face, on which there played a blooming, healthy color, with restless, fiery, piercing eyes, making no motions, or only hasty, sudden ones, with an expression of countenance in which most heartfelt goodness was mingled with fear; his whole bearing manifesting the suspense, the restless, anxious suspense, of the deaf person; of the most refined and sensitive feelings; now giving vent to his feelings in pleasing, unrestrained expressions, and the very next moment relapsing into a solemn silence. Thus were his last years spent in melancholy seclusion and silent suffering.

Rosa Bonheur's last painting, a tiger fighting a hyena, is said to be her masterpiece. Now, if she would try her hand at some other wild beast "fighting tiger."

Wartel and His Pupil.

MAMMA, mamma, please wake up and eat your breakfast, and dress yourself, and take Isabel out to hear a new singer. The carriage is at the door, and she's here waiting for you."

I opened my sleepy eyes to see Isabel's blonde head bending over me, whilst Isabel stood at the half-opened door, a shadow of apprehension in her smiling, brown eyes.

"Dear me, children," I expostulated, raising myself on my elbow and glancing around the room strewn with the things I had worn to the American Embassy the night before, "how can I possibly go? I don't want any more music—I heard the *Palce des Auteurs* all last night. Besides, I couldn't get ready in less than an hour, and Isabel never waited an hour for anything in her life."

"Oh, but I will!" exclaimed Isabel. "I will be glad to wait if you will only be so good and sweet as to take me. Mamma has got one of her nervous headaches, and I'm dying to go to-day to hear this new singer. She's a Swedish girl, perfectly lovely, and with such a voice!"

"Pardon, mademoiselle," said a voice from behind, and my maid appeared upon the threshold with the breakfast tray, ordered, by the smooth-cheeked compariators, to be prepared in advance of my waking.

"I see I must go," said I, as I resignedly raised the cup of coffee to my lips; and so, aided by my self-imposed lady's maid, I did succeed in getting ready within Isabel's hour.

"For, you see," she said as she buttoned my boots, whilst Amy arranged my veil, "the lesson begins at eleven, and I wouldn't lose a note for the world. Madame Tallant perfectly raves about her, and you know she wouldn't unless it were something quite different from other things."

With which somewhat confused sentence Isabel spring to her feet, hurried me down stairs into the carriage, called to the coachmen—"Quarante-neuf, Chaussee d'Antin, et allez vite," and then nestling up to my side and giving the check next to her a hearty kiss, exclaimed:—

"I really do think you are the nicest, kindest friend any girl ever had!"

Whereat I smiled contentedly, for Isabel, with her impulsive, loving ways, pretty face, and graceful figure, was a pet of mine, although she used to try my patience continually by her incessant imprudences, and by the innumerable howls of caprices that attended her wherever she went.

"And this new star that is to be," I queried, "you must tell me who she is, and how she came to be discovered, and everything about her."

"I'll tell you all I know, but that isn't much. We were at the Italiens night before last, and I sat in the front seat next Madame Tallant's box. She leaned over and told me she had a new wonder for me—a beautiful young Swedish girl, as good as she could be, with a voice like an angel. Then I asked her where she was, and how I could hear and see her, and she said she was studying under the great master, Wartel, and that the only way to see and hear her was to go there when she had her lesson. And when she saw how disappointed I looked, for I don't know him, she wrote on one of her husband's cards and gave it to me, and told me the day she—I mean the Swedish girl—took her lesson, and said I could go and give the card, and that, as she was an old pupil of Wartel's, he'd let me in, and that's all she knew."

Here Isabel stopped a moment to take breath, then continued, as we rolled down the wide Avenue des Champs Elysees, with its rows of

many-storied, red and gilt balconied, carved yellow-stone houses:

"All yesterday I spent trying to find out about her. She was only a little child, they say, when a Swedish gentleman heard her sing, and took her and had her educated, and sent her to Paris to be finished, and she's been to Madame C's school, and at Madame G's school, and all the girls love her because she's so nice, and goes and sings to them once in a while, and then there's a *feite* in the schools; and she's going to quit her Swedish gown, and they say she will make a *furore*; and I'm just dying to see her."

And Isabel went on chattering like a magpie as we crossed the upper side of the great Place de la Concorde, its fountains flashing in the bright winter sunlight, unconscious of the redoubt flood that had once drenched the stones on which they stood; up the Rue Royale, with its ancient stone hotels, past the Madeleine—that vain attempt to Catholicize the marble city of the Parthenon; along the already bustling, jostling, shop-crowded Boulevards, till we turned up the dark and narrow length of the Chaussee d'Antin, and finally stopped at the designated number.

Ten minutes to eleven," said Isabel, glancing at her little abacus of a watch. "It's just in time, for it will take about that to get up stairs. Enter the courtyard, Jules;" and as I sat dismayed at the ascending prospect revealed by Isabel's words, we rummaged through the low, dark arched way into a small courtyard surrounded by immensely tall walls, and stopped at a narrow door, the opposite corner. Isabel jumped out, exclaiming:—

"Now for a hush!"

A climb it was. Up the steep, slippery, polished brown stairs, and still up we went, till, as we reached the fourth flight, my courage failed.

"What, this stair-case is a French Jack-the-Giant Killer's bean-stalk. I believe it has an end it will only be found in the sky."

"Yes, it's horrid," responded Isabel; "but there can't be many more flights," and she looked up anxiously at the vista above.

Up the fourth—the heard the sound of a piano. Up the fifth—the sound was close at hand. Gasping and faint I found myself before a very little door, at which Isabel stopped.

"It's here," she whispered, putting the card of introduction into my hand, "the last on the left-hand side. She rang: the door opened by a spring from within, and we passed through a tiny, dark-green parlor. A cabinet piano nearly filled one side of the room; a cheerful fire blazed its welcome on the other, and, poling to his unknown visitors, there stood the slender figure of the old and famous maestro, Schubert-Wartel, so-called from his having been the first to introduce those wonderful, soul-bruised Schubert melodies into gay, gilded, glittering France. As he turned from the comparative twilight of the heavily-curtained little room to the window, in order to decipher the card, I had an opportunity to observe at my ease his striking face and figure. As I said, he was very tall and very slender, supple as a cat in his movements, although he must then have been very old, for he had been transected by Cherulini. His soft, fine hair still retained its color, and he brushed carefully back from his high, narrow forehead. The expression of his delicately modeled face was a mixture of acuteness and bonhomie. My observations were cut short by his turning towards us with a winning smile, and with a most courteous welcome installing us in two comfortable easy-chairs opposite the piano, and, having lit the green silk fire-shade on the mantle-piece, he arranged it to shade our faces from the blaze. All this was done with the quiet courtesy of a gentleman of the old school.

A few words from him of polite inquiry as to the health of his former pupil, Madame Tallant, and then Isabella broke bounds.

"Oh, monsieur, I am so glad you let us in! I don't doubt that you will tell the Swedish girl that people are talking so much about."

"Framment," said the maestro, smiling, while a gleam shot from his small, piercing eyes; "but that is not astonishing. It is a pearl, Madame," he said, turning to me, "a true pearl! a most sympathetic voice—great compass, great purity, and a perfect sense. It is the voice of crystal—I foretold her a great future—*mais la viola*!"

As he spoke the bell rang, the door opened, a light step passed through the ante-room, and followed by her attendants, a girl—a snow-white rather—glided into the room. She made a slight salutation to us, a cordial one to the accompanist, a slight, black-haired young man who had hitherto remained hidden behind the piano, and then raised her large, clear eyes, with a lovely expression of mingled reverence and affection, to the maestro.

"Good morning, *ma petite*, and how goes it?" he asked.

"Very, very well," she answered, smiling, and then began to remove her bonnet and sacque. Isabel gave me one glance, and then riveted her brown eyes upon the lovely figure before her. The girl's slender form was displayed in its light but symmetrical proportions by her closely-fitting brown dress; its attractiveness of golden hue was enhanced by the gleaming green of the setting of her head upon her shoulders, and her delicate and regular features were warmed by the ruddy glow of the fire as she bent towards it, rubbing gently her little white hands, for the morning, though sunny, was cold. I thought I had never seen a lovelier creature, so unconscious and so girlish.

A word from the maestro, the placing of a book upon the piano, a few opening chords from the accompanist, and the lesson began. I held my breath. It was as if a skylark had established its home in the young singer's throat, surely the soul of a Cremona violin had taken possession of the maestro. Scarcely leaving the instrument, he tall figure bending and swaying to the measure, his hand with gesture of command swelling or softening the notes, he pictured the singing on the air. And such wonderful delicacy, such depth of expression, such elevation and breadth of feeling as those gestures portrayed. And then the quick apprehension, the swift, almost responsive, the graphic greatness of the voice of the pupil! I sat in a maze of astonishment and delight, whilst Isabel, getting possession of my hand, squeezed it in her ecstasy till she fairly pained me.

"*Pis mal!*" that goes better than the last time," said the maestro, as the last full note died away. At this, as I thought, sixty praise, the girl raised her eyes with a quick smile, and the rose-tint on her cheek deepened perceptibly. "And now for a *voalée*," he continued.

She began. After a few bars of clear, brilliant melody, during which the maestro's face had decidedly clouded, he made a sudden motion with his hand. Piano and voice stopped instantly.

"Not so loud, my child, not so loud! You're not in *Chœur*—*est chœur*. Listen!"

And in a voice of such exquisite sweetness as I never shall hear again, he repeated the passage.

"Oh!" groaned Isabel in a spasm of delight. There was no mistaking the tone. The old maestro turned to his quick pupil, and she sat her face all aglow. He looked well pleased, the sound was familiar to his ear. Had not all Europe smiled and sighed and wept with delight at the wondrous inflections of that soul-moving voice of his.

The piano and voice again took up the strain,—but how differed it from before!—I was the gladness of morning, the mirth of sun, a brook, the warbling of lark, the song of a pure young heart, knowing no evil, and learning no harm. As the silver notes flowed on, tears of delight rose to my eyes. It was like looking into a sinless world. Isabel could not contain herself.

"I must go and tell her how I admire her!" she whispered during an interlude.

"My dear child, if you interrupt this lesson, I will never take you anywhere again as long as you live," I whispered back. And Isabel reluctantly sank down in her easy chair.

When the *recitativo* was ended, I expressed my gratification and my admiration of the method of the maestro, whilst Isabel escaped to the side of the singer, and to judge by her sparkling eyes, and flushed cheeks, poured out the flood of her honest girlish admiration. The pugnant little brunette, all animation beside the lovely, golden-haired snow-wreath, made a picture that would please an artist's eye. I gave it but a look, so interested was I by what the old maestro was saying. "It is the *me* Italian method, madame, the method of the great, great singers. To-day instrumental music is carried to its highest pitch; it approaches perfection; but the voice—but singing—ah, madame, it does not exist! In those days no singer would dare to risk himself before the public unless he had studied—studied conscientiously for many years; and now—*Mon Dieu*, four years, three years and a half, and then a debut! And the music they sing," he continued, after taking a fierce pinch of snuff, "*Mon Dieu*, what voice can sing what Meyerbeer and Verdi have written, without being utterly spoiled? It is ruin, it is degradation itself. The voice is far more tender, more delicate, the most exquisite of organs, and the composers of to-day demand of it the sonority of the trombone united to the compass of the violin. And the public—ah, the public! it applauds with frenzy one note—one mere note" which is murderous to the singer's throat, "*four de tonnerre*, as they call it, but its tenderness, the pathos, the delicacy that should be the charm of music, that should transport them out of their coarse, material lives into the Heaven above them—all that finds them and leaves them cold, unimpassioned, stupid. 'What does it mean?' they say—here he gave the French shrug, that mixture of contempt, disgust, and aloofness. "*Mon Dieu*, they are right; it means nothing to them—they cannot understand it!"

"But such a style as this, such training as yours, and a voice so uncommon as that of mademoiselle," I suggested,—surely that will do much for public taste."

"We shall see, we shall see," he responded, his face relaxing from its morose expression. "It is a veritable talent, and great docility, great docility. Give me but docility, madame, and I will make this wood sing," and he struck his hand upon the top of the little cabinet piano, which emitted an answering murmur. "For, after all, what is singing? Singing is a gymnastic of the lungs. My mind is to be a deeper, greater force by the gentlest means. Above all there must be no compression whatever of the top of the throat; it must remain open in the very highest notes. Nay, more than this,—the higher the voice ascends, the more the throat must open. We call that lowering the note. It gives a ruminant quality to a depth that is to be obtained by any other means, and it preserves the voice intact; it prevents it from wearing out."

My look of fixed attention encouraged him to go on and unfold to me some of the secret procedures of his most difficult art. In reply

to my "You interest me extremely, monsieur," he proceeded:

"And in this method all the scales, all the preparatory exercises must be sung softly, softly; beginning on the lower note and ascending to the highest; never striking first the high note and then descending. That is fatal—with that comes the *coup de gosier*!" And the master's face showed a full appreciation of the enormity of that hammer-like blow of the voice which, untaught voices, are apt to give when a note is difficult to strike.

After a moment's pause his eyebrows resumed their natural position, and he continued: "Therein lies the superiority of this method over all others; it never allows any fatigue, any strain upon the voice."

"I have heard that Garcia lost his place as a teacher at the Conservatoire because he broke so many voices," I said.

"That is only too true. His teaching, like that of Duprez, was a Prætorian belt; for the voices, that could stretch to it, very good; but not the others."

"I heard Maitaine Viardot last week in the *Orpheus*," I remarked, desirous to learn his opinion of that artist.

"A great singer," he responded emphatically.

"Yes, she delighted me in many things," I continued, "but I do not think she brought out all the effects of which that music is capable. There were certain passages, that failed to touch me as they ought to have done, for I think that opera one of the most moving compositions that has ever been produced. I refer especially to the aria in the infernal regions."

"Madame a raison," he responded, his face lighting up; "that music is sublime. Yes; Viardot is not right in her rendering of that scene here." I saw his small, keen eyes change its expression; his face became arid, it softened, all its lines melting and fusing as it were, so that he no longer looked old; and then, to my inexpressible surprise, for I knew that he never sang, the great maestro began to sing that exquisite song of the heart-broken, imploring Orpheus.

"I have heard much music in my life, but such music as that I never heard before—I devoutly hope I may never hear again. No words of mine can convey the faintest idea of the impression it produced. It was the very soul of music revealed in all its power. Such a world of woe, such plaintive beseeching, rising into the very agony of entreaty, such pathetic feelings, such deepening into most impassioned remembrance; such an awe-struck sense of the deathful power of the Deity, whose relenting she was imploring; such faint glimmerings of hope, sinking into the night of despair? My every nerve quivered in a torture of delight. I felt suffocated by the insupportable softness that filled my throat. It was a positive relief when the great singer stopped; and yet, if I had had the power, I would have bid him sing on forever. For the first and only time I had a glimpse of the lost art of which such marvels are related, and henceforth no account of its wonder-working power has seemed to me so strange. For, at that moment, I gazed at Isabel as the last sentence melted into air. She was leaning back, her face buried in her handkerchief, looking like a little statue dressed by Worth."

I remember but imperfectly the rest of the lesson. The song had left me giddy and bewildered, my every nerve unstrung. One thing good, sensible books, will do much to assist that end. We understand Mayor Brown's selection exhibits excellent judgment, including volumes calculated to instruct and amuse, and embraces works on fiction and practical every-day subjects, without including debatable religious ground.

The little scene remains in my memory as one of its loveliest pictures.

"It's enough to make any mortal to be as good as they can, so as to get some day to heaven and hear such music as that," said Isabel, leaning forward in the carnage, and looking wistfully up at the window so high above us, as we turned to leave the courtyard. "It makes one feel as if everything was so little." And with this charming sentence—she laid her hand on my shoulder and sighed as I never heard my pretty Isabel sigh before.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

LOST LOVE.

Thatch of yew as I look'd of dawn,
Breath of halcyon in a field of brown;
The sun I blew—and the birds flew over—
And I looked upon it, but who looked down?

Who was true in this best that tried us?
Who was it makes? Who now may mourn
The best of love that a cross denied us,
With faded hands and a heart forlorn?

God forgive when the far forget us,
The worth of a smile, the weight of a tear,
Why, who can measure? The latest lease—
We laugh a moment, we mourn a year.
[Overland Monthly.]

The Prison Library.

A DONATION BY THE MAYOR.

MAYOR BROWN has taken an active interest in the movement at present in progress to supply our jail with a suitable library, and has donated one hundred volumes toward the object. He accompanied his gift with the following serious but practical advice:

TO THE IMPRISONED READER.

I have donated to this prison library one hundred volumes, in the hope that the perusal of them may incite the reader to a higher and better standard of morals.

There can be nothing more humiliating to a sensitive mind than to know that you are considered to be unfit to go at large among your fellow-men, and yet your being here is an evidence of that fact.

You are on a journey to eternity. Are you satisfied to be an outcast from society in this world and the next, for a little temporary gain, or to revenge an imaginary or even a real wrong?

Strive to make the world your debtor by kindness, rather than to be constantly on the alert for an opportunity to redress your own grievances. Bear and forbear, and you will thereby secure a host of friends in every line of need.

JOSEPH BROWN.

St. Louis, November 14, 1872.

We have no doubt but the library will prove a very useful institution, for among the community that inhabit the cells of the jail are many persons of intelligence and thoughtfulness, and the dreary tedium of lonely confinement is perhaps the severest part of their punishment, while awaiting or after trial. During such hours there is an excellent opportunity for improvement, morally and intellectually, and books, good, sensible books, will do much to assist that end. We understand Mayor Brown's selection exhibits excellent judgment, including volumes calculated to instruct and amuse, and embraces works on fiction and practical every-day subjects, without including debatable religious ground.

The Impressario.

ST. LOUIS, NOVEMBER, 1892.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

WE copy the following just criticism from the columns of the St. Louis Times: "The failure of Manager Grover's combination opera troupe at the Grand Opera House is an index of the success which hereafter awaits those managers who promise a first-class performance, with companies composed of first-class talent, and then attempt to pull off a second, or even a third rate article on our citizens. Managers are beginning to learn in St. Louis—away out west—audiences are as critical and as discriminating as those to be met with in the eastern cities:

That Mr. Grover and his coadjutors in the management of this establishment were sincerely and earnestly solicitous, in inaugurating the present operatic season, to purvey for the public a series of entertainments which should not only satisfy the requirements of the high musical cultivation and fastidious and exacting taste of St. Louis opera-goers, but to even elevate it to a still higher standard, no one cognizant of their efforts can doubt. In a pecuniary point of view they may possibly have cause to repent their enterprise; to say, with Lady Macbeth, "the attempt and not the deed confounds us"—but even the attempt deserved, and should have received, a heartier and more cordial recognition than has been bestowed upon it. Considering the difficulties inseparable from such an enterprise, a failure to achieve marked financial success cannot justly cause any mortification to the management, but a popular indisposition to support and foster undertakings of this character cannot fail to react injuriously upon the community, inasmuch as it tends to prevent their repetition, and so far, at least, is calculated to chill and deaden the inclination to provide us with opportunities and facilities for the development of the artistic tendencies which may be latent amongst us. Having plainly and unhesitatingly—though in no unkindly spirit—expressed an impartial, unprejudiced opinion as to the merits and demerits of the troupe, we have less hesitation in pointing out the short-comings on the part of the public.

The decided amendment which we were pleased to notice in "Fra Diavolo," on Wednesday night, appeared to warrant the hope that greater familiarity with each other's capacities and peculiarities, would have enabled the troupe to exhibit a commendable, if not decided improvement in all of their subsequent performances. In this hope, we regret to say, we have been disappointed. "Faust," last night, was characterized by all of the imperfections which we heretofore alluded to, and by an incapability so strikingly apparent in less pretentious attempts. Critics may and do indulge in endless disputes upon the question as to whether Goethe's great dramatic poem is a proper subject for the lyric stage, but they all agree that the opera can be effectively rendered only by artists of rare and exceptional ability. That this troupe is unequal to its requirements must have been painfully evident to the large and brilliant audience which the announcement of Gounod's *chef d'œuvre* drew together last night.

To enter upon a detailed recapitulation of the various faults by which the performance was defaced, would be both thankless and unprofitable.

Suffice it to say, that despite the persistent and almost frantic efforts of the musical director, Signor Patti, the orchestra, the chorus, and in some instances, even some of the principal characters, were frequently out both of time and tune. All that scenery, costumes, and other accessories under the control of the management could do to insure success, was done, but in vain; the performance was a failure in almost every essential.

A Brilliant Hymeneal Event.

THE College Church was the scene of an interesting ceremony on the evening of the 15th ult., in which the Rev. John O'Neill, S. J., pastor of that church, officiated, though Miss Mary Ellen Roche and Mr. T. S. McInerney were perhaps the most interested parties. The church was brilliantly illuminated and the altar beautifully festooned, draped and otherwise ornamented. As the bridegroom led his fair partner to the altar to receive the benediction of the church on their union, the choir and organ pealed forth music appropriate to the occasion, and the Reverend Father concluded the ceremony with an address, pointing out to the newly wedded the solemnity of the responsibilities they had undertaken. The bride and groom were waited on by Miss Cecilia Schatzman and Mr. Thomas Brew, and the church was filled with friends of both parties. Among the musical gems performed on the occasion, we would lay in our duty were we to omit mention of the beautiful trio, exquisitely rendered by Miss Elise Taylor, Mrs. Gilsinn and Prof. M. A. Gilsinn, organist of St. Xavier's Church.

THE HAYDN ORCHESTRA.

THIS excellent organization, under the direction of Prof. S. R. Sauter, inaugurated their second series of concerts, at Mercantile Library Hall, on the evening of October 31st, to a large and appreciative audience, with the following

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

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|--|---------|
| 1. Lestock, Overture | Auler. |
| 2. Andante, VI Symphony | Haydn |
| 3. Soprano Solo. | |
| 4. Miss Esther Jacobs. | |
| 5. Military Symphony, Allegro moderato | Haydn. |
| 6. Corral Klänge, Waltz | Budick. |

PART SECOND.

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| 7. Italian in Algeria | Rossini. |
| 8. Piano Solo, Fannhauer March. | |
| 9. Miss Emmy Von Hoya. | |
| 10. Serenade, String Orchestra | Haydn. |
| 11. Basses Solo, "Indischen heiligen Hallen." | |

Transcription by List.

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|---|---------|
| 12. A. Franzos, formerly of the Wachtel Opera Troupe. | |
| 13. Immer Fried, Galop. | Zickel. |

The long and enthusiastic applause that followed each piece was an eloquent evidence of the appreciation of the audience for the precision and excellence of the performance.

"I always sing to please myself," said a gentleman who was humming a tune in company. "Then you are not difficult to please," said a lady who sat next to him.

The National Guards' Ball.

THE reception of Company A, St. Louis National Guard, to their honorary members, at the armory, southwest corner of Fourth and Washington avenue, on the night of October 21, was one of the most brilliant affairs of the kind ever witnessed in St. Louis. Captain William B. Haselme and the members of his company, did themselves infinite credit, as did all those who, in any way, administered to the pleasures of the large number in attendance.

The hall was beautifully decorated with festoons of American flags, and evergreens, interwoven around and above the gallery, while the bright piers, arranged in their several racks, added a grand martial appearance to the scene. Overhead, suspended from the ceiling, were myriads of pretty caissons in handsome cages, and occasional outbursts from the throats of the little feathered songsters mingled enchantingly with the strains of the orchestra.

The ladies present were of the *crème de la crème* of St. Louis society, and their rich and elegant habiliments denoted a care only warranted by such an event.

The ball was a complete success; superior to the famous ball given to the Grand Duke. Great credit is due to the efficient gentlemen who acted on the different committees. Invitation and Reception Committee—Major James R. Shaler, General John B. Gray, Corporal H. S. Brown, and Private Joseph Dickinson. Floor Committee—Lieutenant John H. McCluny, Chairman; Sergeant Daniel S. Holmes, Private Nat. Morton, Private Joseph H. Goddard, Private Frank Wynman. Music Committee—Corporal George H. Wright, chairman; Sergeant John S. Alexander, Captain R. B. Wade, Private William A. Hosquebourg, Private John W. Holmes. Decorating Committee—Lieutenant John C. Bloomfield, Chairman; General John S. Cavender, Corporal W. K. Patrick, Private John M. Sullivan, Private John A. Scholten. Refreshment Committee—Vice President Henry Senter, Chairman; Private J. L. Husbards, Jr., Private Elton G. Smith, Private W. W. Sanford, Corporal Frank G. Stark.

Corporal H. S. Brown, of the Reception Committee, is deserving of special mention for procuring from Messrs. Bollman & Schatzman one of those magnificent *Schmacker* pianos, which proved quite an addition to the many enjoyments of the evening, for the Guards are lovers as well as patrons of the divine art.

The *Musical World* says: "The profession of tenor singers and wrestlers are not usually combined in one and the same profession. But they sometimes are, it appears; and we learn from a foreign contemporary that an individual thus representing both music and athletic pastimes is at present resident at Toulouse. This unusually gifted man lately advertised that he would publicly allow a stone of two hundred kilograms to be broken on his stomach, and would sing a song while the breaking was in progress. He must, indeed, be a *tenore robusto*, or a *tenore di forza*."

The Sunday School Concert at Sangerfest Hall.

NOTWITHSTANDING unpleasant weather, and numerous drawbacks, the Sunday School children sang at their late concert, in Sangerfest Hall, to a very respectable audience of about five thousand people. The success of such an entertainment was partially assured by the jubilee last summer, but still the monster undertaking in all its preliminary management, reflects great credit upon the active members of the Teachers' Association, under their President, Mr. E. D. Jones.

The great stand was occupied by two thousand children, representing the musical talent of the Sunday Schools from Benton street to the South Mission. In front of the stage was the orchestra of forty pieces, under the leadership of LeBrun. Professor J. M. North conducted the monster chorus.

The children's singing was very fine, and their rendering of such songs as "What shall the harvest be," "Work, for the night is coming," and "Shall we gather at the river?" was beautiful.

A secondary object, which the teachers had in view, was to raise a fund for the Sunday School cause in Missouri. It is proposed to secure the services of some man thoroughly alive in this work, and to keep him constantly in the field, establishing new schools, reviving the interest in old ones, and looking after the Sunday School interests generally in this State.

Woman's Musical Influence.

MUSICAL education seems to be considered among American women merely as a species of fashionable accomplishment—of no real value further than as it may serve to gratify personal vanity occasionally, or contribute, by some train of accidents, to a matrimonial alliance. With the consummation of this latter event many appear to think the legitimate object of musical acquirement ends. The piano, guitar or harp are usually, after marriage, permitted to rust out in silence, except as some stranger hand may now and then awaken their chords. Even the voice of the bride or young mother is suffered to take eternal leave of that discipline which preserved to its maiden tones the power to hold a listening circle spell-bound. In her new home it is seldom heard, save in hullabalies, or in indicating the listlessness of her occasional hours of solitude. She is, in short, taking the surest course to divest her future fireside of its conservative influence, preparatory to her realizing, in common with thousands of other American wives and mothers, the sweets of sitting solitarily during the long winter evenings, while the husband and sons are in quest of recreation elsewhere from the toils or the studies of the day.

This, with some happy exceptions, is the usual destiny of whatever of practical acquirement may be grafted on the musical talents of American women. *What wonder, then, that the*

music teacher finds it impossible to obtain the necessary amount of the right kind of practice from his female pupils? With this low view of the objects of musical acquirement, what daughter will submit to, or what mamma favor the devoting three or four hours per day, for a term of six or seven years, to the practice of the piano forte, or the education of the voice, or the taste? A "tune" or two acquired by rote will accomplish all the purposes they contemplate in a musical education, and the teacher who will not countenance this estimate of the subject is dismissed, to make room for some musical quack, which creatures are by such means multiplied.

In consequence of this short-sighted apprehension of the use and influence of musical acquirements, few of the American women attain that proficiency in the art which can command the voluntary attention of a mixed company. Few American homes afford any irresistible attraction in the form of music, and few American children, of either sex, are submitted to its softening, humanizing, and refining influences. That musical inappreciability with which they are as much endowed by the Creator as the children of any clime—as a visit to any primary school can determine—finds nothing in surrounding circumstances to call it into pervading action. The noise that proceeds from tasteless and discordant singing, or the unfeeling hammering of discordant piano-strings, fails to unlock that fountain of musical taste which is as latent, for instance, with the American lad as with the boys of other continents, as his correctly intoned whistling of any popular melody abundantly proves.

What wonder, therefore, if under such circumstances, the Americans grow up in the comparative neglect of an art which is the aliment of one of the most important ingredients in human organization? What wonder that, in such a multitude of instances, home is so powerless in retaining those who, to satisfy the cravings for some harmonizing and tranquilizing influence, seek enjoyments which blunt the sensibilities or destroy the moral perceptions? How different would be the result did American mothers place a deeper estimate on the objects of a musical education—did they consider its varied and permanent utility, and its consonance with the construction of our physical and spiritual organism! Then would they anxiously submit their offspring, as early as practicable, to the most critical, thorough, and comprehensive musical discipline—such as would not only render them appreciative and eloquent exponents of the music of others, but also facile and elegant in communicating their own musical fancies. Imagine the facilities for enjoyment which a family would possess were the several members of it capable of performing well on a variety of instruments, and of reading fluently any forms of written music; whose several voices had derived all the aid and refinement which art can bestow, and whose individual judgments had been properly matured and disciplined. What an endless variety of amusement would such a circle instinctively devise for itself? How eagerly would the hour for assembling be greeted;

and how would the domestic tie be strengthened and home beautified and endeared by such associations!

Such results are within the ability of every young wife to accomplish, whose own musical education has been thorough and comprehensive. She can materially aid in expanding in her offspring that love for the divine art which is more or less inherent in every human being, and which opposes so powerful an influence to the hardening tendency of human selfishness. Parents of the present day should awaken to the sober truth on this subject; and instead of squandering time and money in converting their daughters into something little better than mechanical puppets—instead of resting the sum total of their musical abilities upon a few tunes, whose continuance in popular favor may expire with the waning month, let them render them accessible to whatever is or may be conceived in music—familiar with all the laws and requirements of the science. In short, let them lay as broad a foundation for this as for any other branch of education. Music deserves this consideration; for it will accompany us when our vigor is spent; remaining with us a companion and physician long after many other costly acquisitions cease to be available.

ART ITEMS.

THE FAIR MUSEUM—A STRONG ENDORSEMENT BY REPRESENTATIVE CITIZENS.

ONE afternoon during the past month, quite an assemblage of leading citizens met at the Fair Museum, which is located at No. 44 in the Insurance Exchange, southeast corner of Fifth and Olive streets. Amongst those present were Hon. Henry T. Blow, Colonel R. S. Elliott, of the Kansas Pacific Railway, Judge Speck, B. M. Chambers, B. W. Lewis, G. O. Kalb, Paul Wright, H. W. Leffingwell, E. Wynan, Enno Sander, Colonel Armstrong, Professor Riley, Judge Wielandy, Walter Carr and others.

After spending some time in the examination of the interesting collection, Mr. Wynan invited those present to organize a meeting, which was effected by calling Dr. Enno Sander to the chair.

Upon invitation, Professor Tracy, who is the active agent in getting up this enterprise under the auspices of the St. Louis Fair Association, stated briefly the nature and purpose of the museum. The purpose, as he explained it, is to collect together in St. Louis specimens that shall fully illustrate the material resources of the West. The meeting evinced much pleasure, both in the museum itself and in the elucidation of its plan and purpose, as given by Professor Tracy.

Mr. Wynan then offered the following resolutions: *Resolved*, That we heartily approve the plan to build up in St. Louis a grand museum of natural history, agriculture and the arts, to present in its numerous and varied specimens, a truthful picture of the wealth of the West; and that the present commencement is an earnest of what energetic and persistent effort can accomplish in this direction.

Resolved, That this enterprise is entitled to the warmest sympathies, and the most generous aid of the citizens of St. Louis and of the whole West.

Resolved, That this authority fine collection

should be the nucleus around which should grow that grand exposition of the arts of St. Louis must have established, or be far outstripped by less populous and wealthy cities of the West.

In offering the resolutions, Mr. Wyman made some appropriate remarks as to their spirit and purpose. He was followed by Hon. H. T. Blow, who characterized the present enterprise as one of the noblest ever undertaken in St. Louis.

Colonel Elliott, Mr. S. E. Fife, Colonel Armstrong and Professor Riley also spoke, after which the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Ryder, whose studies of heads deserve more attention than they receive from the public, is engaged painting some female studies that are full of interest for the art lover. This is an artist of unusual merit, and yet is comparatively ignored. Men of the advertising kind, who have not one-tenth of his power, are rich and famous, while our art patrons pass him by because he is not a charlatan.

Among the results which have come from the schools of design in England, it is stated that there has been executed for exhibition by the night schools, and from 397 classes, 56,026 works. From the day schools there came 73,226 other works, which makes a total of 129,252 drawings, models, and paintings. This is an advance over the year ending in 1871 of 17,051 works.

A most remarkable and valuable collection of miniatures, numbering upward of twelve hundred, has been bequeathed to the Louvre by M. Riviere, who was formerly one of the principal officers under the minister of fine arts. About eight hundred of these miniatures are portraits of historical personages of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The collection is now on exhibition at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, but will soon be transferred to the Louvre.

Meissonnier has painted three hundred and nineteen pictures from 1840 to 1872. Rosa Bonheur finished, from 1848 to 1872, seventy-one paintings. The whole number of William Kaubach's works, including the immense wall papers at the new museum in Berlin, is eighty-seven.

Mr. S. Hornor, sculptor, of Birmingham, has just completed a monument to the memory of Alice Blanche Oswald, the unfortunate American girl who recently committed suicide by throwing herself from Waterloo bridge. Dr. S. Stockton Hornor, of Paris, (no relative of the sculptor) has, by a curious coincidence, put the finishing touch to a poem which is intended as a tribute to the memory of the poor girl.

Perhaps no book illustrator ever produced so many drawings as Gustave Dore. It is said he has drawn forty-five thousand designs. Messrs. Cassell have spent \$50,000 in bringing out his illustrated works, and the well known Paris publishers, Messrs. Hachette, as much as \$100,000, and yet it is of this Dore that Ruskin has written: "It is to my mind a sign of significant, almost as awful a sign of what is going on in the midst of us, that our great English poet (Tennyson) should have suffered his work to be thus contaminated, as that the Lower Evangelicals, never notable for sense in the arts, should have got their Bible dishonored."

Charlotte Cushman, the famous tragedienne, has with her a faithful colored servant, named Sallie, who has been in her service over thirty years. The closeness with which this woman follows the fortunes of her renowned mistress is shown in the fact that she has crossed the Atlantic with Miss Cushman no less than fourteen times. Miss Cushman now regards Sallie more in the light of a true and confidential friend than in that of a hired servant.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE dramatic season has advanced to that point—the breaking up of the original bills at some of the theatres—which enables us to form something like a correct judgment upon the condition and prospects of the drama in New York during the coming winter. With the exception of Niblo's, and Fechter's theatre in Fourteenth street, the play houses are all open, and all have been doing a good business. In another month they will also be ready for spectacle, melodrama, and the little Globe theatre, in Broadway, is to witness, about the same time the appearance of Miss Bateman in some of her favorite characters. By the middle of November there will be a complete change of programme every where. *Opera Bouffe*, which is now presented with so little force at the Olympic, being deficient in mercurial as well as artistic effects, weak in chorus and feeble in ensemble, will have flitted away to Philadelphia. King Carrot's reign at the Grand Opera will be ended; Mr. Bourcicault's Kerry and Mrs. Bourcicault's Jessie Brown will have been succeeded by Mr. Somebody's Romeo and Miss Nelson's Juliet. The revival of old English comedy at the Fifth Avenue theatre will have ripened, as we trust, into the mellow glories of Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor." French and English art, as we have it in "Agnes," at the Union Square theatre, and in "Pygmalion and Galathea," at Wallack's, will also have vanished, the dissolving statue in the beautiful comedy at the latter theatre.

The present season develops managers as well as actors who do small things well and great things ill. While the comedies are nearly all well put upon the stage, Italian opera presents but a single swallow to make the Winter Garden of the comedy joyous, and the opera bouffe company at the Olympic market their almost as ambitious and nearly as futile. The managers seem to have forgotten that grand opera has been well done in New York, and that it was only when it was well done that it was profitable, and that opera bouffe, even when it was a novelty, was magnificently mounted.

Too great ambition, as well as too little, brings disaster; and by a singular coincidence some managers are able to unite both, as we have seen in "Don Giovanni" at the Academy, and "Genevieve de Brabant" at the Olympic. In Italian opera we have only three great artists—Lucia, Kellogg and Janet; in opera bouffe only two of average merit—Aimee and Gabril—the last named making a great deal of the small part of the gen'larine in "Genevieve de Brabant." As a matter of history, opera bouffe was made a recognized part of the popular entertainments in this city by Bateman and Grau, and they presented it so well that inferior work cannot prove acceptable. The present company falls short of the requisite excellence, and would do better if it were less ambitious in its undertakings. "La Grand Duchesse" went well enough, but "Genevieve de Brabant" was the straw which broke the camel's back. Thus it must be always where the attempt to achieve is beyond the power of achievement. We therefore conceive to be the lesson of the present dramatic season; and in the shortcomings, as well as in the successes of the past, is the promise of the future. C. S.

New York, Nov. 1.

The two well known French painters, Gerome and Boulanger, have left Paris with about half a score of their pupils, for Algeria, where they propose to reside for six months, in order to reproduce the most picturesque sites, and any African types that may seem worthy of notice.

MUSIC MAD.

AN ENGLISH MAIDEN CAPTIVATED BY THE GERMAN FLOWER OF A CRACKED BASSOON.

THE English correspondent of the Boston *Courier* sends to that journal a translation of the fashionable season at Brighton which fairly eclipses the most extravagant sentimentality of any recent American sea-side story. The daughter of a lately departed eminent physician of London having been taken for her health, by her mother, to the resort above named, was incorrigibly illiterate to everything but, and a musical epicure, in the shape of a wailing German band, suddenly affected her vivacity. While this dreadful visitation of the beach and streets of Brighton was prostrating the corporate nerves with the "Watch on the Rhine" the "Beautiful Blue Danube," and other harrowing symptoms, the heroine gave it more and more encouragement, and finally practiced the insane freak of following the perambulating hospital of disabled melodies in its marches on the sands, and placing her camp-stool where she could hear every particular shrill, wheeze, and groan of the tortured compositions. At this time this apparently heartless conduct would have excited popular reprehension and maternal remonstrance; but while yet the wonder thereat remained silent the episode was finished. In the band was a meek-eyed young German, who practiced daily single combat with "the loud bassoon," and frightened almost to death by the blue spectacles was he by the reception of the note from the music-stricken maiden, informing him that his customs and manners were inexpressibly admired by one whose appreciation of music had triumphed over all conventional reserve! No sooner did the ingenious young Bassoon recover from the first shock of this delicate confession than, with a noble heroism, he sacrificed to his nation, he returned the note to the young lady's mother. Here was an unromantic proceeding to cure a very critical case of love-sickness, but, instead of turning the girl's admiration to contempt, it only made her the more of a lunatic, and even secured the admiration of her mother. The latter lady, if at first inclined to lead her daughter with reproaches, was charmed with the honor and prudence of the musician's conduct, and, upon finding the indiscreet girl still incorrigible, invited the Bassoon to a private interview. Thence ensued the discovery that the youth was of good social position in his own country—he faced a farmer holding land under the Prince of Hesse—and that his moral character was far superior to his music. These details would not have been revealed if no questions had been asked, and no questions would have been asked if the maternal questioner had not recognized some practicality in her daughter's persistent lunacy. The mother, young lady still follows the band from place to place, the only difference being that she stations herself in a low pony carriage while the music is played and the money collected, instead of following humbly with her camp stool as before.

A lady had a dress trimmed with bugles, before going to a ball. Her little daughter wanted to know if the bugles would blow when she danced. "Oh, no," said the mother, "papa will do that when he sees the bill."

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